

ASBURY SLAYS THE RUM DEMON

WATER WAGON LOAD OF BALLOTS CRUSHES FIERY MONSTER.

Temperance Women, Taxpayers, Parsons and Prayerful Hordes From Ocean Grove Drive Drink Dragon to Tall Timber—But They Had Only 8 Votes to Spare.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 18.—The Demon Rum was scotched here to-day. The Drys won the license election by 8 votes.

After lurking for years in rat-holes, hotel cellars and under the boardwalk by the sea the red eyed monster vented forth into the open, thrusting his horrid self in front of the water wagon loaded to the guards with sisters of the W. C. T. U. and he was run over.

The Rum Demon's shrieks of anguish are heard to-night in Ocean Grove, where the righteously holding prayer meetings of thanksgiving over his downfall.

On the other side of Wesley Lake, where abide those whose cash makes Asbury fat, the thanksgivings are as vigorous as the earth and smoke to the eyes. For Mayor Tenbroeck has said that if the Drys should triumph there shall be no more secret tipping, and the lid shall be closed tighter than a drum.

Asbury Park has known days of much prosperity, as on such occasions when Founder Bradley, inveterate enemy of the rum devil, pursued the wicked, chasing them out of town with obnoxious and lavishness; but it is doubtful if any other day has been so successful when the ordinance to establish an excise department in the case of Asbury Park was defeated, 408 votes to 400.

On the side of the Wets was Mayor Tenbroeck, who said that he was no friend of rum, but that the town ought to be honest and look the situation in the face. Absolute prohibition in Asbury Park was impossible, said the Mayor, where all might hear, and the farcical enforcement of the law made men and women with the Wets.

On the other side were the ministers, the church people, a good share of the property owners, the Methodist brethren from Ocean Grove and the women of the W. C. T. U. To the latter goes the credit for victory.

Polls opened at 7 o'clock this morning. Two of the first on the ground were Mayor Tenbroeck, who made the Rev. A. E. Ballard very hot under his ministerial robes, and another by saying that he had bought two bottles of beer in the shadow of Ocean Grove's Auditorium, and the Rev. Dr. Ballard, who had called the Mayor a liar.

By 10 o'clock, at which hour the rum stock was above par and rising fast, there was a big crowd in front of each polling place. Then came the women of the W. C. T. U. in an open wagon, as stern faced as grenadiers, waving white banners and blue ribbons and chanting "No Rum." A small boy with a pistol held aloft a placard which bore the following terrifying inscription:

"No to him that putteth the bottle in his neighbor's lips."

Gentlemen of the cloth cheered their dignifiedly, and they got down to business with set jaws and determined faces. Every man that entered the polling places they buttonholed, quoting passages of Scripture, pleading with him not to imperil his immortal soul and saying that he could have Asbury Park turned into a Jersey Coney Island. They pressed into the polling rooms and, looking over the shoulders of folk marking ballots "For" or "Against," called upon one another: "Dear sister, be energetic for the right; do not despair."

Two of them handed a Mrs. Grison a prepared ballot. "Please vote this," she said. "I'll thank you," said she, "to mind your own business and let me mind mine," and then voted "For."

The Rev. Noah Berry of Malden, Mass., who couldn't vote, jabbed the Demon Rum with his tongue and dodgers like these: "The Lord's Prayer and High License. Think of praying 'Hallowed be Thy Name' and then voting to license the liquor traffic."

But these tactics were a boost for Drys. As the W. C. T. U. warriors soon saw. Men didn't like to be buttonholed and dosed Scripturally. Therefore the women got a load of ballots, carefully marked them, and drove to the houses of the property owning women who had a right to vote. The prepared ballots came in strong and the end was in sight.

One hundred and forty-five women voted, exactly the number registered as owners of property. The oldest woman voting was Mrs. H. J. By, mother of the late Helen Bythe. She is the wife of Col. By, who keeps the Plaza Hotel, and isn't far from 70. When she got out of her carriage the W. C. T. U. scouts made for her, but she fronted them and they retired. The first woman to vote was Mrs. W. D. Penny-packer, who came with her husband. Photographers snapped her, and her husband was mad enough to fight.

Young men who would like to buy beer at home at a fair price were in a pickle, for the girls flattered about with sharp eyes. Any young man who entered with a "for" ballot left hope behind because Miss Clifton was sure to find out what he had done. According to a woman who keeps an eye on the romances of the town, the election of to-day will result in three broken engagements, seventeen sad misadventures and a truckful of gloves, candy, &c., to square things.

Whoever was caught in the First ward, "Harry" said a pretty girl, with a face coat of tan, "if you vote for that horrid drink law it's all off between us."

Harry was game as a pebble. "I've got to do my part," said he, "to make this town civilized," and went in and voted "For." They didn't leave together.

Until the closing of the polls the ministers and the W. C. T. U. women kept at it busily, parading the streets, throwing tracts to the winds, singing songs and delivering monologues on the ravages of rum. Delegations from the Ocean Grove camp meeting came and shouted for the Drys. By 6 o'clock the tail of the Demon Rum was heading for the tall timber.

When the votes were counted it was found that in the First ward, out of 380 voters, the majority for license was 127, in the second, out of 488, the majority against was 20. By 8 o'clock the Demon Rum knocked out.

A CASE FOR S. HOLMES.

Two Men, on Similar Peaceful Errands, Disappear From Same Place.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 18.—J. H. Rine-man, who bought the business of D. H. Batterson of this city after the latter disappeared last May, has disappeared in exactly the same manner and quite as much mystery surrounds his absence as that of Batterson.

Batterson was last seen with a bundle of clothes, which he said he was taking to be cleaned. Rine-man on Friday last was also seen last with a bundle of clothes and said he was going to the cleaner's. Since then there has been no trace of him.

THIEVES AT J. T. WILLIAMS'S

Stamford Home of New York Architect Robbed of Much Silver.

STAMFORD, Conn., Aug. 18.—The house of John T. Williams, on Glenbrook avenue, was robbed early this morning by cracksmen, who opened a safe and got away with much of the Williams family silver, valued at several thousand dollars.

The loot included a good deal of the old Ladev silver, which was brought into the family by Mrs. Williams, who was a Ladev. The stuff was taken from a sideboard and a safe, and it is understood that a good deal of jewelry was also stolen.

Because of the reticence of the police and the family, it is difficult to get accurate reports of the loss. Mr. Williams has private detectives from New York and the Stamford police at work on the case.

The Williams mansion is guarded by a private watchman. The burglary was committed while he was at the stables, a quarter of a mile from the residence. A dining room window in the southeast corner of the house was picked open. The silver was stored in a sideboard and in a safe in the pantry of the dining room. This safe is in charge of John Barnes of Westbury, a butler who has been in the employ of Mr. Williams about four months. Barnes was in New York yesterday and a maid put the silver away and looked the safe. She left the key on the top of the safe. The butler returned last night, but neglected to take the keys away and it was easy for the burglars to open the safe, which contained all the valuable silver in the house. The police had the butler and other employees at headquarters this afternoon questioning them. Yesterday afternoon the police had the butler and other employees at headquarters this afternoon questioning them. Yesterday afternoon the police had the butler and other employees at headquarters this afternoon questioning them.

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John Townsend Williams is an architect and engineer at 27 William street, Manhattan, and is a member of several clubs. He lives at Stamford the year round.

ALLEGED HIGHWAYMAN HELD.

One Confesses That They Attacked a Fellow Singing Society Member.

Curt H. Mender of 3454 Hudson Boulevard, Jersey City, was waylaid and assaulted at Milton avenue and Bowers street, that city, at 1:45 o'clock yesterday morning by two fellow members of the Orpheus Singing Society, according to the confession of one of the alleged highwaymen. Both were arrested and held for atrocious assault and battery with intent to rob under \$1,500 bond. They were booked at the Hudson County Jail. The alleged highwaymen were 23 years old, an engraver, of 44 South street, and Gustav Sommers, 25 years old, a polisher, of 232 Webster avenue.

Both were out of work and needed money. They were acquainted with Mender as fellow members of the singing society and that he was in the habit of carrying money. They planned to get some of it and hit upon the highwayman idea. Sommers denied that he took part in the attack. He said he was in the habit of carrying money, but he had no reason for turning criminal. He met Dietrich at Zibetti's saloon, he said, and went home after drinking. He didn't know anything about the attack.

GIRL SHOT BY BOY IS DEAD.

Catherine Doran Succumbs to Wound From Philip Bishop's Pistol.

Catherine Doran, 10 years old, died yesterday morning at the Brooklyn Hospital from the effects of the bullet wound inflicted on Wednesday morning by twelve-year-old Philip Bishop in the candy store of the girl's mother, Mrs. Doran. The shooting was that Philip was only "fooling" with the revolver when it went off. Miss Doran, who lives at 125 West 125th street, removed to the hospital, declared that he deliberately pointed the weapon at her. The Bishop boy will be arraigned tomorrow at the New York City Court on a charge of homicide.

It was stated in all the papers that the revolver used by the boy had been stolen from the candy store of the Coroner's Sons in Front street and there is a record on the blotter in the Adams street police station to that effect. Capt. Condon, who is in charge of the candy store, said that the revolver had been stolen from the candy store of the Coroner's Sons in Front street and there is a record on the blotter in the Adams street police station to that effect.

LACES IN FALSE BOTTOM.

Syrian Couple Arrested for Smuggling Goods in Trunk.

The customs officials yesterday seized \$200 worth of fine lace collars and cuffs smuggled into this port a few weeks ago by a Syrian bride and bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. J. Elias, who were arrested at the Coroner's Sons in Front street and there is a record on the blotter in the Adams street police station to that effect.

The couple came in on the French line steamer La Fontaine and had in their luggage a paper covered trunk. A false bottom, less than one inch in thickness was found carefully nailed to the bottom of the trunk. The false bottom was covered with the same sort of paper as the rest of the trunk. The laces were folded in between the false and true bottoms.

"I am so glad that you have come," she said with a smile that even arrest did not rub off; "go up and the doctor will pay you. I'll mind the parcel."

"Nay, nay, Pauline," said Rogan, a master of the vernacular; "I must have the money or the goods."

Coolly the young woman responded: "Well, go up and get your money from the doctor and you can give me the parcel when you come down."

Rogan climbed up to Dr. Murray's office. The doctor told him he didn't know the woman and, further, he wasn't paying for the parcel. Rogan hurried down stairs, but the smiling young woman had gone. He reported the matter to his superintendent, who went out with Rogan and soon located her in a store on Flatbush avenue. The clerk said she was intensely respectable and a patron of his place. However, she was handed over to Detective Murphy and Rogan was taken to Police Headquarters.

Saleswomen, delivery boys and drivers employed in department stores were summoned. They said she was the person who had got goods from them under the names of Mrs. Cleary, Mrs. Dr. Phelps, Mrs. Murray, Miss Newman, &c.

The pretty prisoner stood the gaze and accusations of the salesfolk without even blinking, remarking once: "Why, what are these people talking about? This is an awful mistake. I never saw one of them before."

After being photographed for the police art gallery she was locked up. She says she is the daughter of a Frenchman and that her home is at 650 East Twenty-fourth street, Flatbush.

COURT STOPS DUNN'S SUIT.

Can't Try Suit Against Wife Until He's Purged of Contempt.

Francis V. Dunn, the baseball manager, has struck a legal snag in his suit for a divorce from Ida M. Dunn, who he married some years ago. He accuses her of misconduct, which she denies.

Mrs. Dunn's lawyers applied to Dunn for a grant of particulars. This application was granted, but Dunn failed to obey the Court's order.

As punishment, Supreme Court Justice Amended an order yesterday which would prevent Dunn from offering any testimony or prosecuting the action until he shall have complied with the previous order of the court and furnished the particulars.

This power of the court is rarely exercised, except where there is but small chance of punishing the delinquent by adjudging him in contempt of court. Such a judgment is valid only within the court's jurisdiction.

MORE FEVER HOLES FOUND.

THREE DEATHS AND 48 CASES IN RIVERSIDE, ST. MARY'S.

Archbishop Chapelle Got the Fever in His Own Palace—To-morrow Every Man in New Orleans Will Be Fumigated With Sulfur—Lemon Famine There.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 18.—Eight persons died of yellow fever here to-day and sixty-two new cases were reported.

The physicians sent to investigate the suspicious cases of fever in Riverside, St. Mary's parish, report that it is another yellow fever nest. They found forty-eight cases of fever and three deaths. Riverside is near Patterson and may have been infected from that town.

An investigation was made to-day of a camp of fifty Italians in the swamp back of Carrollton avenue. A number of sick were found there and there had been one death of yellow fever.

On account of the number of stations on its line where yellow fever prevails, Lafourche Crossing, Patterson, Lafayette and Rayne, the Southern Pacific has been compelled to put on two trains, one running to healthy and the other to unhealthy towns. The healthy towns have refused to allow any trains to stop that stop at yellow fever points, so this cuts off supplies from the latter. A special train has been put on that will stop only at points where the fever prevails.

The scare in Alabama about the fever and against Italians is shown in the case of an Italian who was found sick in an old cotton house near Moundville because no one in the neighborhood would harbor a sick Italian. Upon his death an autopsy was held which showed that he died of malarial fever, but such was the scare that nobody in the neighborhood would touch the body. Dr. Sanders, president of the Alabama State Board of Health, and other distinguished physicians had to bury the corpse.

An investigation into the case of Archbishop Chapelle has disproved the rumor that he caught the fever while on a trip to New Orleans, and has shown that the archbishop's palace was infected and filled with infected mosquitoes at the time of his country trip. The Archbishop's gardener, who lived on the premises, had an attack of yellow fever two weeks ago. It was a case of malarial fever, did not even call a physician. He was convalescent when the Archbishop returned.

Most of the houses in the city have been disinfected by these convalesced cases, which are usually due to ignorance. Dr. White announced to-day that he was now satisfied that the cause of the fever was the malarial parasite, which would enable the Marine Hospital Service to carry out its campaign successfully.

Dietrich, who was in the habit of carrying money, was in the habit of carrying money. They planned to get some of it and hit upon the highwayman idea. Sommers denied that he took part in the attack. He said he was in the habit of carrying money, but he had no reason for turning criminal.

He met Dietrich at Zibetti's saloon, he said, and went home after drinking. He didn't know anything about the attack. The number thirteen means hard luck, as well as ashore. A reporter aboard a southbound coastwise steamship observed the other day that the stateroom opposite his was marked "H." All the others were designated by figures, not letters.

The man behind the counter was bewildered after hearing the order repeated. She explained: "The number thirteen means hard luck, as well as ashore. A reporter aboard a southbound coastwise steamship observed the other day that the stateroom opposite his was marked 'H.' All the others were designated by figures, not letters."

The health authorities of Cairo, Ill., have already quarantined against the fever, Mississippi, believing many places are infected which have not reported the fever, but a delegation of citizens has asked that the authorities quarantine against the world.

There is a lemon famine here and throughout the South which is supplied from this State with lemons and lemons are up to \$7.50 a box, due to the quarantine and the discontinuance of the direct trade with Italy on account of the yellow fever.

MANY ACCUSE A PRETTY GIRL.

Department Store Employees Tell How She Got Goods by Confidence Game.

A pretty young Russian Jewess who says she is Maud K. Weitzman was arrested yesterday afternoon in the Fulton street market, where she was selling goods. She was accused of having stolen goods from a number of Fulton street merchants. A dozen detectives had been looking for her.

Yesterday a young woman bought silk in one of the stores and directed that it be sent to Dr. D. Murray at 459 Fulton street. C. O. D. The parcel was given to John Rogan for delivery. The address being convenient he carried the parcel, and found the young woman at the store.

"I am so glad that you have come," she said with a smile that even arrest did not rub off; "go up and the doctor will pay you. I'll mind the parcel."

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

It's a wonder more people are not killed taking drugs of which they know little or nothing," said the night prescription clerk. "People buy all sorts of things that are harmless when taken in proper doses, but deadly if taken too freely or in connection with other things. Last night a man got quinine and strychnin mixed in his mind and if I hadn't warned him he'd have taken enough to insure a job for the undertaker. The number of people who risk death with headachy preparations, who take the stuff without regard for directions, is amazing. Pills? I've seen men take five times as many at a dose as the man who made them. Wended, but they seem to live through it."

A tall, bronzed, white haired and white mustached man stopped the Police Headquarters on the street, and the word promptly went around that Aleck Williams, ex-inspector and ex-ruler of the Tenderloin, had turned up.

"How's real estate in Japan?" asked a reporter who knew Williams in his captivity days.

"Fine," was the cheery reply. "Booming every day since peace negotiations began."

"And what brings you around here, then?" was the next question.

"Oh just to draw my alimony," said Williams, using the policeman's slang for pension money. "I've got four months left, and I thought I'd better draw it now and go about my business."

Williams is probably the youngest looking of all the former big guns of the Tenderloin. He is fond of exercise, and looks, according to one who has known him for years, ten years younger than when he was retired.

A French restaurant that makes a feature of its music has adopted a new scheme to relieve its patrons and itself of the troubles incidental to the special numbers played "by request." It has got out a handy catalog of all the music which the orchestra's repertoire includes.

Like its wines and cigars, the musical pieces are numbered, and all one has to do is to select the number one wants. It simplifies matters greatly. One must generally wait a while to hear one's selection, but it is fond set exercise, and appears the catalog number of the selection about to be played.

She looked all of 19 years old and must have been keeping house at least a week. Her inexperience was testing the grocer's ability to suppress his smiles.

"My husband," she said, in a manner intended to show that she had had one for years and years, "thinks such a thing is simply for a change, and he's riding through Pelham Bay near the Eastern Boulevard he saw a negro leaning against a fence in front of Lohbaur's picnic grounds."

The cop Edward Tobin was sent by road to notify all men on post and to have the City Island and Pelham Bay bridges guarded. Residents came out and a general hunt for the man was started.

The man behind the counter was bewildered after hearing the order repeated. She explained: "The number thirteen means hard luck, as well as ashore. A reporter aboard a southbound coastwise steamship observed the other day that the stateroom opposite his was marked 'H.' All the others were designated by figures, not letters."

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ONE-SIDED DUEL ON CAR ROOF.

HOBONEGRO ROY, STEALING RIDE, SHOOT SPECIAL WATCHMAN.

Shooter Leaps From Roof and Flees Through Woods—Badly Wounded Watchman Rolls Off Car—Throng in Pursuit—Ride Off Captures Fugitive.

For a few hours last night the vicinity of West Chester was stirred by a chase through the woods for a negro, Joseph Guidimski, of 3 Lincoln place, Westchester, has been employed for some time by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad as a watchman. His duties have consisted mainly in boarding all outgoing freight trains from the Oak Point yards and nabbing hoboes and freight car thieves.

Shortly after dusk last night a twenty car train filled with merchandise pulled out of the yard with Guidimski aboard. The train soon attained a speed of fifteen miles. Between West Chester and Baychester Guidimski spied a negro riding. He talked to the negro as a brother hobo at first to find out what he was doing.

The negro said he was on his way to Boston to visit relatives. Guidimski then told him he was an officer and ordered him off the train. The negro refused to budge and after the watchman made a move to draw a revolver, before he could get it out the negro drew one and fired. The shot went through the detective's right cheek. The negro then fired another shot, which entered Guidimski's forehead.

Both men were swaying on the roof of the car, and the detective had trouble getting at his revolver. When he finally did so and before he could use it the negro pumped three more shots into him and he jumped off the roof of the car. The last shot took effect in the abdomen, the left leg and under the right ear.

The crew of the car had heard the shots and on the way to Guidimski's spot where the shooting occurred in a dense wood and it was pitch black. When the crew reached the car the detective's body was lying on the ground. The station at Baychester was notified and also the police. The train then backed up and picked up the detective, who was just conscious enough to get a doctor. A negro shot me," he muttered, and then lapsed into unconsciousness. He was carried back to West Chester and taken to Fordham Hospital.

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